

## tenebrous.

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## tenebrous.

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

"like most words referring to literal darkness, tenebrous also can be used in a figurative way to mean 'hard to understand' or 'obscure'."

### Notes

i uhhhh have no words lmfao, this is just an au i came up with with a friend where dream is a nightmare demon and usually haunts people's dreams but george isn't afraid of him and they end up becoming close n stuff heehoo anyways enjoy <3

The darkness sits.

He doesn't need to know who it is next to him, because it never changes. Always the same presence. He doesn't bother to glance over either. It's the same black mask, dark hair, and fiery eyes he's always known, always welcomed.

The otherworldly being speaks. His tone is soft, a contrast to his looks. His appearance has shifted, George can tell. He's trying to look more human, more soft around the edges, less hard and scary.

He's trying for this mortal. It's funny.

His voice bounces off the walls of George's unconscious, echoing and holding him close. It's a welcome comfort, listening to his nightmare talk in a hushed whisper.

The being looks down on him. "You're quiet today," He states. It's a fact.

The human hums in response. "Just thinking."

"About what?"

"Nothing in particular." A lie. It slips, darts out of his mouth before he can stop it. The nightmare squints.

"You do realize we're inside your mind, right? I can look for myself if I want too."

And George hides a smile because it's an empty threat.

*If I want too.*

He won't. They both know it.

"Be honest." Gentle, soft, and more human than anyone else on Earth. George sinks into that tone, it fills him with a blooming warmth. This demon is trying to be more human. For him.

"What would you do if I said I love you?" The human finds himself asking. A simple question, yet the being blinks once. Then twice.

"Laugh." He turns his head away, his mask hiding his features. "It wouldn't be true."

"But what if it was?"

“It wouldn’t.”

“And if it was?”

He glances back down, a hint of annoyance gracing his posture and the white eyes of his mask stare at the human. George stares back, challenging. This demon wouldn’t hurt him. They both know it.

A sigh. “You wouldn’t fall in love with a demon, you’d only get hurt in the end.”

“But what if someone wanted too?”

“Well, I’d call them a fool and send them away.”

George bites back a quip. *Well, send me away then since I’m a fool.* He doesn’t want to embarrass himself more than he has.

“What happens when demons fall in love?” He asks instead, eyes darting down to the nightmare’s hands. Inky blackness crawls upwards from his fingertips all the way to his forearms, twisting and curling and it’s strangely beautiful. *Beautiful*, George repeats in his mind.

The nightmare is silent again, staring ahead.

“Do you guys die? Would something bad happen?” More silence. And then the nightmare abruptly stands.

“It’s time for you to wake up now.” A hushed tone, and an outstretched hand. George takes it.

The demon shifts on his feet as the void around them begins to lighten. “For the record, I wouldn’t die.” His fingers creep forward and tuck a stray hair behind the human’s ear, otherworldly hands burning hot and cold at the same time as they brush against the mortal’s cheek. A strange comfort and George leans into it. “I’d just be more like you.”

A soft smile, daring, like he's willing to do it. It's all fangs but it's so human, human, *human* . The mortal melts a bit inside.

"I have to go now." He says, pulling his hand away. The human's skin feels foreign without the contact. He can't help it when his face drops.

"I'll see you tomorrow night?" The human asks. Another fanged grin. George has the sudden urge to kiss him.

"Of course, love."

With a flash, he's gone, back to the underworld, back to his own life, back to harsh edges and inky darkness and things that could never be as soft or as lovely as the human in front of him.

George wakes up, cheeks aflame, and smiles.

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